

THE PRAIRIE NEWS.

An American Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Latest News, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, Home Industry, &c., &c.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMEST AT BE THY COUNTRY'S, GOD'S AND TRUTH'S."

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POETRY.

The following beautiful lines were received some weeks since, addressed to the publisher of the News, which we cannot refrain from laying before our readers.—Ed.

St. Valentine's Day.
I KNOW THREE NOT.

"I know three not—I never heard thy voice,
Yet, could I choose a friend from all mankind,
Thy spirit high should be my spirit's choice,
Thy heart guide my heart—thy mind my mind."

I know not if thou'rt blest—I hope thou art!
Yet O! I envy her to whom belongs
The priceless treasure of thy free, high heart,
With all its wild sweet thought, and sweeter songs.

I know not if thou'lt ever, ever press
My trembling hand in thine—to meet with thee!
O! I should die for very blessedness,
So sweetly painful would that meeting be!

I know not if thou think'st of me after,
Yet oft, I sit alone amid my flowers,
And fix my eyes on some still, bright star,
And muse on thee through long uncounted hours.

I know thou dost not—canst not think of me!
Alas! my heart would leap with joy to thee
Could I but hope that I might sometimes be
A thought within thy heart—its spirit's mate!

I know not why my heart should thus be stirred
By these wild thoughts—thou dost not pierce for
And yet, how oft I pine to be a bird—
A star—or any thing that's loved by thee!

I know not if I ever shall bid thy name,
Or blushing, thrill beneath thy thrilling touch;
Thy voice, thy form, are all my heart hath known,
And knowing this alone, I know too much!

ANON.

AUGUSTA, GEO., Feb 14, 58.

How the Schoolmaster Married a Fortune.

BY MAJOR JONES.

It's about ten years ago, sense the incident which I'm going to tell took place. It caused a great sensation in Pineville at the time, and had the effect to make fellow schoolmasters careful how they run away with other people's daughters without their consent, ever since.

Mr. Ebenezer Doolittle was the bonniest man after rich galls that ever was. He hadn't been keepin' school in Pineville more'n six months, before he found out every gall in the settlement whose father had twenty niggers, and had courted all of 'em within a day's ride. He was rather old to be popular with the galls, and somehow they didn't like his way, and the way they did bluff him off was enough to discourage anybody but a Yankee school-master what wanted to get married and hadn't many years of grace left. But it didn't make no sort of difference to him. He undertook 'em by the job. He was bound to have a rich wife out of some of 'em, and if he failed in one case, it only made him the more perseverin' in the next. His motto was—"never say die!"

Betty Darling, as they used to call her—old Mr. Darling's daughter, what used to live out in the Runs—was about the torn downest mischief of a gall in all Georgia. Betty was rich and handsome and smart, had more admirers than she could shake a stick at, but she was such a tormentin' little coquette that the boys was afraid to court her in downright earnest. When Mr. Doolittle found her out, he went right at her like a house a fire. She was just the gall for him, and he was determined to have her at the risk of his life.

Well he laid siege to old Mr. Darling's house day and night, and when he couldn't leave his school to go and see her he writ letters to her that was enough to throw any other gall than Betty Darling into a fit of highstericks to read 'em. Just as everybody expected after encouragin' him jest enough to make the feller believe he had the thing ded, she kicked him flat. But shaw! he was perfectly use to that, and he was too much of a philosopher to be discouraged by such a rebuff, when the game was worth persuin'.

He didn't lose a minit's time, but just brushed up and went right at her again. Everybody was perfectly surprised to see him gwine back to old Mr. Darling's after the way he had been treated by Betty; but they were a good deal more surprised, and the boys was terribly alarmed in about a month, at the headway he seemed to be making in his suit. All at once Miss Bett's conduct seemed to change towards him, and though her father and mother was terribly opposed to the match, any body could see she was beginnin' to like the schoolmaster very well.

Things went on this way for a while,

till bimby old Mr. Darling began to git so uneasy about it, that he told Mr. Doolittle one day, that he musn't come to his house any more; and that if he ketched him sending any more letters and kiss verses to his daughter by his nigger galls, he'd make one of his boys give him a all-fired cowhidin'.

But Mr. Doolittle didn't care for that neither. He could see Miss Betty when she come a shoppin' in the stores in the town, and ther was more'n one way to git a letter to her. What did he care for old Darling? His daughter was hed and hart in love with him too, if she was posed by her parents. And as for the property he was certain to git that when once he married the gall.

One Saturday, when ther was no school, Mr. Doolittle went to old squire Rogers, and told him he must be redy to marry a couple that night, at exactly ten o'clock.

"Mum," says he, "you musn't say a word to nobody, squire, the license is all ready, and the party wants to be very private."

Squire Rogers was one of the most accommodatin' old fellers in the world on such occasions. Mrs. Rogers was a monstrous cranky, cross old lady, and nothin' done the squire so much good as to marry other people; it didn't make no odds what they was. Besides Mr. Doolittle was a injured man and a great scholar, in his opinion, and belongs to his church.

Mr. Doolittle had arranged the whole business in first rate order. Miss Bettie was to meet him at the end of her father's lane, disguised in a riding dress borrowed for the occasion, when he was to take her in a close one horse barouche and "fly with her on wings of love."

As he said he would to the squire's office, whar they was to be united, in bands of wedlock before any body in the village knew'd anything about it. He had made arrangements at the hotel for a room, which he took up for himself for the suspicious occasion, and he had writ a letter to a friend of his down in Augusty to be ther the next week, to take charge of his school, as he thought it mought be necessary for him to keep out of the way of Old Darling for a few weeks, till the old feller could have time to come too.

All day Mr. Doolittle was bustlin' about as if he wasn't certain which end he stood on, while the sunshine of hart beamed from his taller colored face in a way to let every body know that something extraordinary was gwine to happen.

Just after dark he mought be seen driven out by himself in a barouche towards old Darling's, everybody spected something, all hands was on the lookout. It was plain to see squire Rogers' importance was swelled up considerably with something, but nobody could get a word out of him.

Mr. Doolittle didn't spare the lash after he got out of sight of town, and with strainin' eyes and palpitatin' hart, soon reached the place appointed to meet the object of his consumin' affections.

Was she ther? No! Yes! It is! Yes, thar she is—the dear creature. The skirt of her nunkin ridin' dress, what sets close to her angelic form flutterin' in the breeze. She stands timidly crouchin' in the corner of the fence holding her vale over her lovely face, tremblin' in every jint, for fear she mought be discovered and tore away from the arms of her devoted Ebenezer!

"Dearest angel!" says he in a low voice.

"Oh, Ebenezer!" and she kind o' fell in his arms.

"Compose yourself, my love."

"Oh, if father should—"

"Don't fear, dearest creature. My arm shall protect you agin this world."

And then he was jest gwine to pull away her vale to kiss her—

"Oh!" says she, "didn't I hear somebody comin'?"

"Eh!" says he, lookin' round. "Let's get in my dear."

over as quick as possible, for fear of bein' interrupted by the row that was evidently brewin'.

"Be quick, squire," sez Doolittle, handin' out the license, and shakin like he had a ager, "for Miss Darling is very much agitated."

The squire hardly waited to wipe his spectacles, and didn't take time to enjoy himself in readin' the ceremony slow and puttin' the demi-semi-quavers in his voice like he always did. The noise was gettin' louder and louder out of doors, and somebody was knocking to get in.

"Oh!" ses Betty, leanin' on Mr. Doolittle's arm for support.

"Go on!" ses Doolittle, pressing her to his side, his eyes on the squire, and his face as white as a sheet.

"Open the door, Rogers," sez a hoarse voice outside.

But the squire didn't hear nothin' till he had pronounced the last words of the ceremony, and Ebenezer Doolittle and Elizabeth Darling was pronounced man and wife.

Just then the door opened. In rushed old Mr. Darling, and Bill and Sam Darling, followed by a whole heap of fellers.

"Take hold of her!" ses old Darling, flourishin' his cane over his head.

"Take hold of the huzzy!"

"Stand off!" ses Doolittle, throwin' himself in a real stage attitude, and supportin' his fainin' bride on one arm.

"Stand off, old man! She is my lawful wife, and I claim protection of the law."

"Knock him down!—take hold of him!" ses half a dozen; and Bill Darling grabbed the bridegroom by the neck, while squire Rogers jumped upon the table and hollered out—

"I command the peace! I command the peace in the name of the State of Georgia!"

"She's my wife! my lawful wife!" shouted Doolittle. "I call upon the law!"

Just then the little gal, who was hid in the vest fell off, and—on, cruel fate! Mr. Ebenezer stood petrified with horror, holdin' in his arms not Miss Betty, but Miss Betty's waitin' maid, one of the blackest niggers in Georgia, who, at this interestin' crisis, rolled her eyes upon him like two peeced onions, and throwin' her arms around his neck exclaimed—

"Dis is my own dear husband, what Miss Betty gin me her own self!"

Such a shout as did follow!

"Go to the devil, you black—"

says Doolittle, tryin' to pull away from her.

"Stick to him, Silla," says the fellers, "he's your's accordin' to law."

Old Squire Rogers, looked like he'd married his last couple, poor old man, and hadn't a word to say for himself.

The boys and the young Darling's like to laughed themselves to death, while old Darling, who was mad as a hornit, was gwine to have him arrested for negro stealing.

The Bride of Letters.

Queen Victoria has recently met with a rebuff. A pretty severe one, considering that hitherto on every occasion, in every society, a nod from her has been as good as a wink. They are beginning, however, to wake up in London to the littleness of perpetually dancing attendance at Court, the amiable mistress of which establishment is supported, like many other idle celebrities, at the expense of the public.

Her Majesty, it appears, expressed a desire through Col. Phipps, her Equerry-in-waiting, that Charles Dickens, and his company of private comedians, should perform before her at Windsor Castle. Mr. Dickens replied on his own part, and on that of the gentlemen associated with him, that it would give him and his colleagues much pleasure to comply with the Royal wishes so graciously conveyed, provided his and their social position were recognized. In other words, Mr. Dickens ventured to stipulate that himself and friends should be treated as gentlemen.

To this the Queen demurred. They were invited to act, and as actors alone could they be received by the Court of Great Britain. The result was, Mr. Dickens and his troupe respectfully declined to appear at Windsor Castle. As the mountain, however, would not go to Mahomet, Mahomet might approach the mountain. The Queen, if it so pleased her Majesty, was at liberty to visit the Gallery of Illustration, and there witness the performance, which could take place at the Palace only on servile conditions.

All this is excellent. Taken in conjunction with other democratic events occasionally happening now-a-days in England, it demonstrates clearly enough that the example of America—the manners, opinions, and spirit of this country—is beginning to act upon our trans-Atlantic neighbors, to the development of their

manhood and proper sense of independence.—Irish News.

"It's the Slogan O' the Highlanders."

A THRILLING MOMENT AT LUCKNOW.

The war in India has been attended with many scenes of thrilling interest, and there have not been wanting pens to picture them with startling effect. The following graphic description of the scene at the moment of the arrival of the relief, so painfully awaited by the beleaguered inmates of Lucknow, written by a lady of the rescued party, equals in dramatic intensity the best descriptive passages of Sir Walter Scott, and surpasses anything done by Russell in the Crimea:

"Death stared us in the face. We were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying the men provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen off visibly in the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially on that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully presented to her.

"At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, 'her father should return from plowing.' She at length fell into a profound slumber, motionless, and apparently breathless, her head resting on my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continued roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance; she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, 'Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamer! It's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!'

Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor. 'I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving, but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, 'Courage! back to the slogan! to the Macgregor, the grandest of them all! Here's help at last!'

To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened with intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there rose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of women who had flung out began anew as the Colonel shook his head. Our dull lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry.

"A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line, 'Will ye no believe it now? The slogan has ceased, indeed, but the Campbells are comin'—D'ye hear? D'ye hear?' At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the bagpipes of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance; for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the works of the sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe; then in softer tones, seeming to promise succor to their friends in need. Never surely was there such a scene as followed. Not a heart in the Residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy, which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed bagpipe. To our cheer of 'God save the Queen,' they replied in the well known strain that moves every Scot to tears—'Should auld acquaintance be forgot, &c. After that nothing else made any impression on me. Jessie was presented to the General on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table, play-

ing once more the familiar air of 'Auld lang syne.'"

Parable for Business Men.

There was, once upon a time, a man who kept a store, and sold goods wholesale and retail.

And he became melancholy because customers were shy and times were bad. And he said: Lo! I am ruined, and the sensation is disagreeable.

And my ruin is the more painful to bear, because it is slow in progress, even as water doth gradually become hotter in the pot wherein the lobster boileth, until the crustaceous creature shrieketh out his soul in anguish.

Lo! it is better to be ruined quickly than to endure this slow torture.

I will give my money away to the poor man—even to the poorest, which is he who printeth the newspapers, and I will shut up my shop, and wrap myself in sackcloth of desolation, and pass my days in the purlieus of broken banks, cursing the hardness of times and rending my garments.

And the howlings of Rome shall be as the dulcet sound of dulcimers, and they who blow flutes and instruments of music, compared to the din I will make in the ears of the wicked—in the ears of the bank directors.

And even as he said, so did he; for he was not like other men's sons who are foolish and know it not, and they say they will do so and so, performing that which is contrary.

For the sons of men are fickle, and he that is born of woman doth spite his face by diminishing the length of the nose thereon.

And lo! the printer—even he who did publish newspapers—was made glad by the bounty of him who sold wholesale and retail; and he did blow the trumpet of fame respecting that man's dealings from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same.

And he—even the printer of papers—did magnify and enlarge upon the stock of goods which the trader had in his store, and did publish the variety, and the excellence, and the newness, and the cheapness thereof, till the people—yea, all of them, far and near, were amazed.

And they say: Lo! this man hath gathered from the east and the west costly merchandize and wares of wondrous value—even the workmanship of cunning artificers—and we knew it not.

Go to, then. We will lay out our silver and our gold in those things which the printer printeth of, and that which he doth publish shall be ours. For this man's merchandize is better than the bank notes of those who promise to pay and therein lie—even banks of deposit, which beguile us of our money and swindle us like sin.

But the trader was still sad, and he said: Thy money that these people bring me for the goods in my store will I still give to the printer, and thus will I ruin myself; I will do that which no man hath yet done in my time or before. I will make rich the printer, whom all men scorn for his poverty, and he shall be clad in fine linen, and shall rejoice.

And the sons of men shall seek him in the market place, and the sheriff shall shun him, and scuffers shall be rebuked, and shall take off their hats to him that was poor.

And he shall flash the dollars in the eyes of the foolish, and shall eat bank sandwiches.

Yea, even shall he light his pipe with railroad script, and cast his spittle on the beads of other men.

For I will ruin myself, and he who advertises for me shall enjoy my substance.

But lo! the trading man, even he who sold merchandize, became rich, and even as the unclean beast lieth in the mire, so stirred he not by reason of much gold.

And the people flocked to his store from the North.

And from the South.

And from the East.

And from the West.

And the printer rejoiced, and his fat did abound.

But the trader could not become poor; and his melancholy ceased, and the smiles of happiness were upon his face.

And his children did become mighty in the land by reason of the dollars which many of the people who read his advertisements had poured into the trader's money bags.

"Love is like a river; if the current be obstructed it will seek some other channel. It is not unfrequently the case that the kisses and attentions bestowed on the child of eight years are intended for the sister of eighteen."

"Rousseau was one day showing his Ode to Posterity to Voltaire. 'Do you know,' said the sage, 'I am afraid your ode will never be forwarded to its address.'"

Col. A. K. McClung—His Suicide.

There is not, we presume, a single man in the South, who has not heard of Col. McClung. We picked up an exchange this morning, and found the following Ode to Death, by this great man, which is certainly the noblest chaunt of a manly sorrow. Col. McClung was known as a duellist, having killed as many as four men, we believe, in duels. Notwithstanding his chivalry and intrepidity, he was gentle as a child. With the ferocity of a tiger, he combined the generosity of a lion, and to the daring of the eagle, he united all that is great in man. He walked the earth like a Titan, but left behind him many amiable characteristics. He wore a noble heart full of tender generosity. His whole life illustrated that—

"The brave are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring."

McClung had genius of the first order—was honored, loved and almost worshipped by a host of friends. Wearied of life, disappointed and satiated, he wooed the embrace of death, and, with the hope of being slain, he enlisted in the Mexican war. His gallantry upon the battle-field at Monterey, is known to all. He was seriously wounded, but death came to his relief. At Buena Vista, he carried on a litter to the battle-field, exposed his life again; but death eluded him and still refused to recognize his earnest votary. Despairing of finding death on the battle-field, he returned to Mississippi and lived until life became a burthen to him, and then committed suicide by blowing out his own brains. He deliberately drank the fatal draught. It is easy to die in battle when the spirit is stirred to a courageous madness by the rushing squadron, the roar of cannon and the clashing steel. Then all the fierce instincts are aroused, and the soldier seeks for death as the bridegroom seeks for his bride—while

"'Twas there I felt to tell you, 'twas there
And honor's eye on daring deeds
we say it is not hard on such occasions
to drink from the chalice of death, but
how a man like Col. McClung, full of
genius, loved and caressed, can deliberately
commit suicide, is a mystery which
never can be revealed. But we are keeping
the reader from Col. McClung's death
song. He wove the embrace of death
with soft beseeching melody. A few
months before his death he wrote the following
lines, overflowing with vocal and
rhythmical liquidity. It is the melody of
despair—the last lay of the minstrel.—
As has already been remarked by our
friend Posey, the swan under the instinctive
presentiment of death, sings its own
dirge, and the vigor of death lends in-
spiration and sweetness to its song. Like
the dying swan, poor dying McClung
sung his own sweet and beautiful in-
vocation—

Swiftly speed o'er the waves of time,
Spirit of Death!
In manhood's morn, in youthful prime,
I woo thy breath!
For the fading hues of hope hath fled
Like the Dolphin's light,
And dark are the clouds above my head
As the starless night!

Oh! vainly the voyager sighs for the rest
Of the peaceful heaven—
The pilgrim saint for the homes of the blest
And the calm of heaven!
The galley-slave for the night-wind's breath,
At the burning noon,
But more gladly I'd spring to thy cold arms,
Death!
Come soon!

American Physiognomy.—A Scotch writer, one James Sterling, has lately written a book of travels upon the United States, in which he has the following comment on the American face:

"Some say the Americans have no physiognomy—a great mistake, I think. To me their physiognomy seems most strongly marked, bearing deep impress of that intensity which is the essence of their being. The features even of the young are furrowed with lines of anxious thought and determined will. You read upon the nation's brow the extent of the enterprise and the intensity of its desires. Every American looks as if his eye were glaring into the far West and the far further.—Nay, his mental physiognomy is determined by the same earnestness of purpose. The American never plays, not even the American child. He cares nothing for those games and sports which are the delight of the Englishman. He is indifferent to the play either of mind or music. Labor is his element, and his only relaxation from hard work is fierce excitement. Neither does he laugh. The Americans, I imagine, are the most serious people in the world, there is no play even in their fancy. French wit is the sparkle of the diamond that dazzles a saloon; the American imagination flashes its sheet lightning over half a world."

A lady advertises for sale in a country paper, one baboon, five tabby cats, and a parrot. She says that having married, she has no further use for them.